

the name of the lowly Nazarene, for the benighted and down-trodden of the Dark Continent? How, I repeat, are these things to be explained? There is but one possible explanation. And we know, for it is given to us to know something of the hidden oracles of God, something of the mysterious working of his spiritual kingdom.

We live in an age when to be living is sublime. Everything about us calls for the intensest activity. Waves of ether transmit our thoughts, and the electric current annihilates space for our bodies. We are given a spiritual insight into the mysterious working of Providence that the ancients longed for, sought for, in vain. Poor old Job would be in many respects an ignoramus today, and world-famed Solomon would be constrained to lift his hands in holy horror at our unbridled audacity. We have placed our feet on the solid rock so persistently reached for in patriarchal times; we have climbed to heights from which we are peering almost into the workshop of the Divine Mind itself—from which emanate those purposes and plans by which He leads His people on. And how spontaneously there arises to our lips Cardinal Newman's exquisite chant, "Lead, Kindly Light," so cheering and helpful to the bewildered wayfarer of earth:

"So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

But what does all this mean to the Christian man of today? Cain's question has been the sphinx's question of the ages, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If so—and the Word of God settles that for all time—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"; and again, in that wonderful parable of the Good Samaritan; and in Paul's answer to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" If, then, this question is perforce to be answered in the affirmative, may I ask another: "What about the kind of keeping?" How are we keeping our brother? Officials visit our jails and eleemosynary institutions at stated intervals to see how the inmates are being kept, and they report their finding accordingly. But what report is to be made of the manner in which we are discharging our obligations in the kingdom of Christ, our treatment of our brethren in the Lord, of our brethren around us calling for the Bread of Life and the milk of the Word? Has the milk of human kindness curdled in our breasts through the blighting influence of commercialism or of self-centered lives?

When the question is addressed to each of us, standing on the watch-towers of Zion, "Watchman, what of the night?" shall our answer come ringing back in joyous, confident tones, "All is well and the morning cometh"? Nehemiah, rebuilding the wasted walls of desolate Jerusalem, instructed his workmen to build each against his own house, thus throwing the responsibility for that particular work directly upon the individual worker. (But you may notice in passing that he did not tell him to stop with that.) The com-

mand from the later leader of Christian forces comes ringing down the centuries, heavily charged, to us—In Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, into the uttermost parts of the earth.

It is not given to all of us to be foreign missionaries, nor even to be ordained to the gospel ministry. I like to dwell upon the Abel, the Caleb, the Luke, the Lazarus, of the Bible—upon the Syrian maid and the lad with loaves and fishes. But yet, there are certainly no exemptions in that commission. The call is not only to China, but to Young county, Texas; not only to Alaska and amongst the Hottentots, but amongst the effete "isms" of New England, whose heresy finds rankest expression in the mouth of her most gifted son, Dr. Charles Eliot, of Harvard University. Or it may be you are needed in the anarchy of Chicago, the foreign conglomeration of New York City; or to the negro of the Southern cotton field, the child and the woman of the Massachusetts cotton and woolen factories, the sheeny, the hobo, the greaser—go, carry the Bread of Life to all classes and conditions of man, whoever and wherever he may be.

I was once puzzled much over the statement in Ecclesiastes, "There are no discharges in that war!" In the light of the great movement of the laymen of the present day, in their various organizations, the brotherhoods, the Gideons, the Y. M. C. A., we see our men enlisting for the war and for life service. There are no discharges. And it is a grand parade that passes in review before us—all classes and conditions of men, bound together by the talismanic symbol of "Brother," washed in the blood of the paschal Lamb, singing together in one mighty chorus, the song that no unfallen angel of all heaven can sing: "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb!" Indeed, what a gathering that will be! As Robert Browning beautifully puts it:

"We shall be equal to the last,  
Be classed according to life's natural ranks,  
Fathers, sons, brothers, friend—not rich, nor wise,  
Nor gifted."

Now, my brother, what is your part in all this—and mine? Have you consecrated your heart, your means, your powers, to the service of Him who has a better, a stronger claim upon you than has any other—for He intercedeth for you with groanings which can not be uttered, He sweats, as it were, great drops of blood for you? Do you believe in a personal Saviour, in a gospel of work as well as a gospel of love? Have you a faith that proves itself by its works, remembering that faith without works is dead? Have you reached that stage of self-abnegation when you can cry out with eagerness of heart, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

This is what I conceive to be meant by the legend, "Men and missions"—man in a sent condition, man passing through this life on an errand for the Master, bearing this urgent message to his wandering, erratic brothers, "Be ye reconciled to God!" It is a glorious mission, indeed. Why should we shirk it? What can we substitute that is better—a life of inactivity, of indifference, of strife with the Spirit of God? Yes, why, when "God so loved the world that He gave His